

Good Morning 612

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Here's Shop Talk for A.B. Andrew Brooks



YOUR Mother, A.B. Andrew Brooks, is still serving out buttered teacakes, buns, and mugs of tea to hungry workers—as well as looking after all her other customers.

The little grocer's shop at 96, Meadow Lane, Leeds 11, is as busy as ever, but Mother found time to shut up shop for half an hour, to send a message and have her photograph taken for you. The photographer caught her as she was preparing the bacon rations for her customers.

She says she's trying to clear out the "junk" (otherwise grocery stores) from the house, and make it "comfy" for when you come home. Rex jumped up and down excitedly when he heard your name mentioned, and barked his approval of the idea.

But your Mother says if you

come home now, you'd wish you were back in the sunshine!

Your girl friend, Ann, is very well, and sends you her love.

Herbert and Nellie are following the latest fashion—queuing up for coke at the gas works with their pram! Eight-months-old Andrea, Nellie's baby, is now a bonny bouncing lass, and is making her presence felt! We wanted her on the picture as well, as you've never seen her, but she was out.

We can't pass on any messages from your pals, Jack and Dennis, as your Mother hasn't heard anything from them lately.

That's all the Meadow Lane "gen" for the moment, Andy. Everybody sends you their love and best wishes, and to sign off—a happy return.

GOOD EATING, A.B. Reg. Stanford

YOUR Mother should have a good meal waiting for you when you return to 10, Clyde Vale, Forest Hill, SE.23, A.B. Reg. Stanfield, judging by the practice she is getting when we called on her at the Lordship Lane restaurant.

Meanwhile, she sends you all her love, Reg, and she thinks of you quite a lot.

She told us she was working very hard, and we quite believed her, for those Forest Hill people certainly know how to eat. Anyway, Reg, it is good practice for her, and she should be able to get you a super meal when you return.

By the way, Reg, that letter your mother sent you last year, the one which got lost in the post, has been returned to her minus the postal order she sent with it.

Your Mother told us she had seen Ticker two weeks previously when he was home on sick leave from the Army.

She also said that your old pal Codsey was now in the Fleet Air Arm, and that your sister Laura and her family, including Robert and Barbara, are all keeping well.

Your Mother hopes it won't



W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER CHAMP WITH LADDER AND A PAINT POT

ANOTHER of the grand old champions has gone to his last rest," said the Guv'nor, as the sporting pals gathered for the evening at The Jolly Roger.

"Yes," answered Nat, "My old pal Ben Jordan; one of the best champions of a period when there was no shortage of really brilliant boxers, and I should say, the most modest boxer ever known in my time, or any other, if the truth of that could be proved."

"I agree," said Bernard. "Let us drink to the memory of a great champion and a good fellow."

"There are no startling stories to be told of Ben and his behaviour outside the ring," said the Guv'nor.

"He was not the sort of fellow to crave for the limelight at any time after he retired from the ring he lived as quietly as it is possible for anyone to live."

"That is quite right," agreed Nat. "I suppose I knew him as intimately as most people, and as time went on and the older generation disappeared, the newer entrants to the game used to be amazed when you pointed him out to them as a one-time holder of a world's title. They could hardly believe their eyes and ears. To think that such a mild-looking, little man was once the world's feather-weight champion."

"Ben used to keep his interest in the game by acting as second, and what a good man he was at that job! Not everyone realises the importance of a good second, and it is certainly true to say that not every good boxer makes a good second."

"You never saw old Ben

lose his head with excitement."

"He was as cool as the water in his bucket, as he sponged his lad and gave him the very best advice, often enabling him to turn defeat into victory."

"I can recall an instance many years ago," said the Guv'nor, "when business took me to Bermondsey with a City man who was interested in sport. He was surprised when I stopped a little man carrying a step-ladder and a paint pot and introduced him as Ben Jordan, the old champion. He was pleased at the opportunity of meeting him and said afterwards: 'If you had given me a hundred guesses at his identity, I should have been beaten.'"

"You see, Ben was always working. When he retired from the ring he invested his money in a row of houses in his native Bermondsey and was secure for the rest of his life."

"He spent nearly all his time doing repairs and decorations for his tenants, and I am sure he must have been a model landlord in his way. He used to do all the work himself and was never idle."

"Ben lived his life in the way he wished," said Nat, "and what more can one desire than that? He must have enjoyed life in his quiet way. After all, seventy-one is a good age for London. I'll bet he had no regrets."

"No, but, if he had felt that way," said Bernard, "he might have chided fate for allowing him to be born just a few years too soon. With his brilliant skill—you remember that he was unbeatable at his best—he must have made quite a tidy

fortune had he been about twenty years later."

"There were no big purses in his day and there were fewer opportunities for engaging in frequent contests. It is curious to note how evenly spaced in point of time were nearly all his contests."

"From 1895 to the year he retired in 1906 he never fought more than two contests a year."

"It was not because he didn't

pions used to box much more frequently in the States because they could travel to other cities, whereas there was not a lot of boxing outside London."

"What a contrast Jordan's career makes with, say, George Dixon, the man he defeated for the world's feather-weight title. Dixon was considered a marvel in his day, yet Jordan beat him twice. Ben had fought only 35 contests in a career lasting from 1895 to 1906. Dixon had over 150 contests."

"Yes," agreed Nat, "and while Dixon died a poor man at the early age of 39, Jordan was comfortably placed and lived to his 72nd year."

"Still, I should not care to say that Dixon would have lived longer if he had not fought so many gruelling contests."

"He contracted the white man's scourge, tuberculosis, and in the circumstances it must be agreed that he was something of a marvel to have been able to box so well."

"He was not an American negro. He was born in Canada," said the Guv'nor, "Americans subscribed generously to provide a statue as a memorial to a great boxer."

Dixon had a fair number of contests in this country and was very popular here. Before he became feather-weight champion he beat our Nunc Wallace for the world's bantam-weight championship in 1890 and he held that title for ten years. Yes, he was a great champion. There's no doubt about that."

"I saw the contest between Jordan and Dixon at Wonderland in 1903 and I don't think I ever saw more brilliant boxing either before or since. I would give something to be able to see such skill in the ring to-day."

"Well, that is like baying for the moon, at the present time," said Nat. "The standard of skill has sunk lower than ever during the last few years, and I cannot see how the position is going to be improved until some fistic genius arises to show the younger generation what constitutes skill in boxing."

"Success, or perhaps I ought to say what passes for success, comes all too easily nowadays."

"The greatest champions we ever had all had to work hard to perfect themselves in their art. None of them ever reached the top without striving with every ounce of energy they could muster, or if they did reach the top fairly easily they were very soon displaced."

"The trouble is that most of us realise the truth only when it is too late," said the Guv'nor. "All the same, Nat, you will be wise to impress it on the youngsters, even though most of your advice will be wasted. Some of it might sink in, and, who knows, before you fade away you might have the luck to produce your wonder boxer to show the others how it really should be done."

"Well, it's no use regretting the past," agreed Nat. "Still, it is good to have lived and to have seen most of the great champions at their best. Happy memories, to be sure. Thank goodness, they can't tax you for happy memories."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! If I get another letter addressed to Glasgow I'm packin' this ruddy job up!"

want to fight. There just weren't the opportunities in those days. Not in this country, at least. The American cham-

Saying it with music L.Sto.W. Hicks



WAS IT THE WEDDING MARCH THEY WERE REHEARSING?

The family sing-song was quickly forgotten when we started to talk to Beryl about you, Bill. Seems she and your mother have got all the plans for your wedding worked out down to the very last detail! All you've got to do when you come home is to present yourself at the altar, it seems. Which is okay with you, we guess.

MISS BERYL REED was round the piano with her mother and father and Harry, who was home on leave, when we called at her home at 17 Highgate Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

Beryl immediately stopped singing and began to talk about Leading Stoker William Hicks. One of your sailor hat-bands fell out of her handbag, Bill, as she turned it out to show us your photograph, but she laughed it off.

Also, we saw a very handsome engagement ring, and were told that the wedding was to take place as soon as you returned. Good luck, sir!

Beryl has been seeing quite a lot of your mother, and between them they seem to have fixed up everything for the wedding. All you have to do is to come home and go to the altar.

Gran, Granddad, Joyce, Joan and John all wish to be remembered to you. John has

joined the Boy Scouts, and he has been up home to "show off" his uniform.

Graham, Alf and Gladys are all O.K. Little Graham keeps shouting "Unk Bill, he's on t'water."

Beryl is still at her old job, and told us to tell you "I cannot get back yet." We don't know exactly what that means, Bill, but she said you would. Beryl seemed to have plenty of secrets that only you two share.

Your future pa-in-law has finished at the Rover Company, and has a job with the Co-op. He says there is a job waiting for you when you return, possibly as a charge-hand. Harry has been home on leave.

Mrs. Reed has now come off capstans at work and is in the canteen. "Tell Bill I'm sweeping up, but I don't mind," she said, and just roared with laughter.

They are a very happy family in Highgate Street, Bill.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Scot who gave Africa to Mankind

THEY SAW IT FIRST
No. 10—By C. N. DORAN

IF ever there was a man who sacrificed himself for the sake of his fellows it was David Livingstone, the missionary explorer, buying books with what money he has been called "the greatest man of his generation, and the pioneer of civilisation to races lying in darkness."

His bones rest in Westminster Abbey. His heart is buried under the decayed roots of a tree at Chitambo.

The tree itself is gone, but one of the most treasured possessions of the British Geographical Society is a section of the all 29,000 miles of that continent, tree on which Livingstone's native followers carved an inscription, resources, the first to visit number.

He died poor, as he had lived; less tribes, the first to know its yet he gave Africa to the world, tragedy of the slave trade, which it has been well said of him that he resolved to overthrow.

He discovered Lake Ngami, Lakes Shira and Nyassa, the lower Zambesi, Tanganyika, the



Victoria Falls, and many other spots. He received the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society twice.

He had honours thrust upon him. The sale of his first book on Africa towards him near the village. and more on further journeys to help the Africans.

He discovered the rivers Zouga, Teoge, Chobe, Tamanak'le. The native name for the Victoria Falls, the wonder of South Africa of today, was Mosioatunya. He called it Victoria, the name of his Queen.

He had been so long speaking the local dialects that when he came home after sixteen years, his English was difficult. He went back, never to return home again. He was so long lost to his friends that H. M. Stanley, the newspaper correspondent, was sent out with orders to "Find Livingstone."

After incredible hardships Stanley found him, a wasted old man, at a victim of fever, rheumatism, for years. He relied on his followers alone, who declared that they would never leave him.

In August, 1872, he set out on what was to be his final journey. Worn out with toil he halted at Chitambo's village on the south side of Lake Bangweolo, one of his attendants, was asked to go into the hut. He found Livingstone semi-conscious and delirious. The next morning Susi and the other three, anxiously looked into the hut. Livingstone was not in his bed. They stepped forward. He was kneeling by the bed, his hands clasped in front of him.

They touched him. He did not move. The great missionary explorer was dead.

The four natives raised him, laid him on his bed, and came out.

They sat down and wept. They buried his heart next the great tree, and wrapped his body in bark, carrying it in stages to the coast. So it came to Westminster.

And now, where he walked alone with his natives, steamers ply on the waters of Tanganyika, Nyassa, the Upper Congo, the Niger, the Benue, and the Zambesi. There are, owing to him, 200 translations in native languages of the Bible. There are towns named after him; missions, too.

He had a scheme to colonise the Shire highlands, and it has come to pass. The slave trade of Central and South Africa has gone. What was then called Bechuana-land, is now under the Flag.

Railways and telegraphs penetrate across and up and down the continent where he saw murder, bloodshed and massacre, and tamed them.

The old tree under which his heart was buried is dead; but a concrete monument has been erected surmounted by a cross. A brass plate bears the simple inscription:

David Livingstone,
May 4th, 1873.
Souza, Mniaseru,
Chuma, Uchopere.

Natives salute it as they pass. Africa salutes it. The world salutes it. He gave the world Africa, the first man to travel unafraid through the Dark Continent and to reveal its possibilities.

QUIZ for today

1. An ormer is a bird, sea-shell, kind of gable, money-lender, meat pie?
2. What is the difference between (a) official, and (b) official?
3. What are Cambridgeshire Doubles, and would you drink, eat, watch, listen to, or compete for them?
4. Who was the Apostle of Free Trade?

5. Why is the lemon sole so called?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?
Waken, Awakening, Woken, Awoke, Waked, Woke.

Answers to Quiz in No. 611

1. Alloy.
2. (a) Hero of a poem, (b) Cuban chess champion.
3. Oliver Goldsmith.
4. Play on it. (A violin.)
5. A bright, silver-white metal.
6. Tar is of mineral or vegetable origin; others are animal.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THOUSANDS of families in Britain will soon put tiny discs on their gramophones or radiograms and hear the voices of their men and womenfolk serving overseas. This scheme—"Voices of the Forces"—has been organised by N.A.A.F.I. and E.N.S.A.

Experiments over a long period have produced the world's lightest gramophone record—specially coated thin cardboard, weighing less than half an ounce with its covering envelope, and measuring five inches in diameter. The easily transported recording machine weighs only 60lbs. with batteries.



MACHINES and trained personnel are ready for the inauguration of the scheme in Italy and North Africa. Operators will work as close to forward areas as possible, as well as in N.A.A.F.I. clubs in Naples, Rome, Algiers, Cairo and Alexandria, and in Service hospitals.

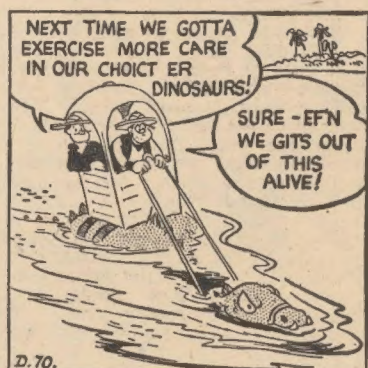
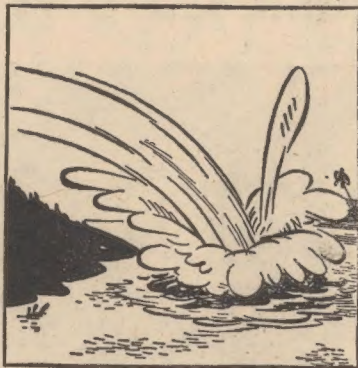
Each N.A.A.F.I. club will have its recording-room, in which members of the Forces will be able to record messages home for 1s. 9d., a fee which N.A.A.F.I. will try to reduce when the scheme is fully operating. There will be no charge to hospital patients.



THE speaker will not suffer from "mike-fright," as he will speak, not into a microphone, but into an ordinary hand telephone; and he will read from a script prepared and censored beforehand, or select phrases he wishes to record from a wide range of standard messages previously censored. As he speaks, his voice is recorded simultaneously on the disc, and on completion of the recording the operator plays the disc back to him on a portable gramophone. The complete message will consist of not more than 180 words.

The postal-record is then placed in an envelope on which is written the name and address of a friend or relative at home. Aluminium boxes, each containing 250 discs, will be flown to Britain for posting.

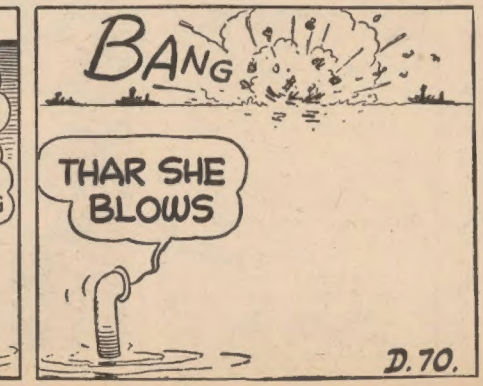
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



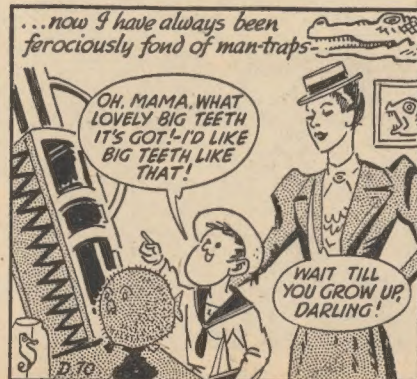
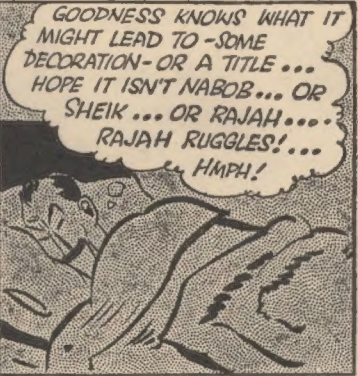
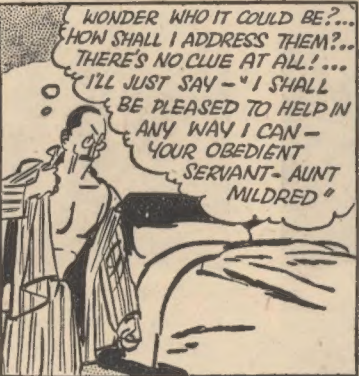
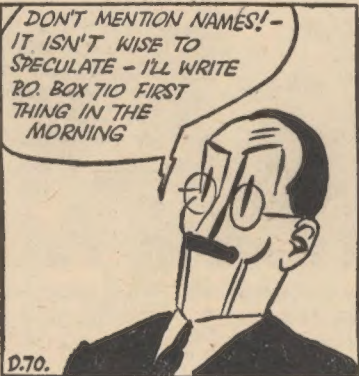
WANGLING WORDS—551

1. Behead part of a railway track and get a filament.
2. In the following business adage both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—*Kiquo slalm neruts sipfort.*
3. What kind of valuable china has L for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: In the fruit salad we had bananas, —, —, oranges, and grapes.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 550

1. S-talk.
2. Quiet words calm disputes.
3. Trinidad.
4. Grown, wrong.

JANE



While awaiting the time when he should return to France as Napoleon III, Louis Bonaparte passed his time at 1, Carlton Gardens, in a house now curiously enough, occupied by the Free French.

At the beginning of this century the man who was to play so great a part in the re-organisation of Russia came to London, an exile, and gazed humbly at the house in Dean Street where Karl Marx had lived.

Nicholas Lenin lived then at 30, Holford Square, near the Euston Road. Who can tell what inspiration he got from the Hyde Park orators and the quiet sanctuary of the British Museum.

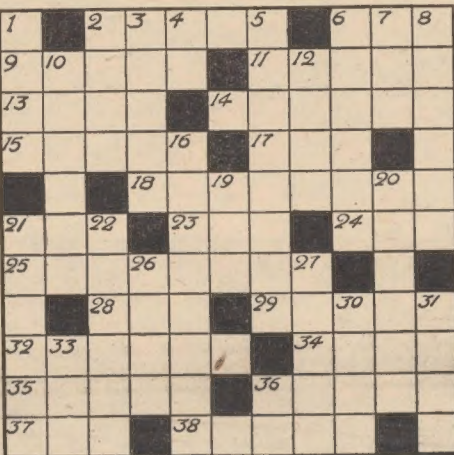
Since Lenin left London in 1902 in search of a climate more congenial to his failing health, there have been many other exiles in this historic city.

One—well known to all for his work in a hitherto unexplored field—was Sigmund Freud, the great psychoanalyst. He lived at 20, Maresfield Gardens.

Here, where so many of the world's affairs are settled, they could think and plan and live according to their individual tastes and means. Here, they are unknown and unmolested.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Of three dimensions. 6 Membranous bag.



- 9 Wood.
- 11 Boy's name.
- 13 Solemn promise
- 14 Give exclusively.
- 15 Pick-me-up.
- 17 Basset.
- 18 Command.
- 21 Ocean.
- 23 Large number.
- 24 Bend forward.
- 25 Family chattel.
- 28 Regret.
- 29 Magnificent.
- 32 Throws.
- 34 Basic facts.
- 35 Stretched tight.
- 36 Fowl.
- 37 Droop.
- 38 Went unnoticed.

OFF SOL RIM
CRUSH AMUSE
TOMMY COLLIN
OGEE H NEST
P SLEEPER T
UP TALLY DO
SOW SPA FEN
MARY NEAR
CODA A TRIM
AN GUSTO VA
PAPERHANGER

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Water lizard.
- 2 Cereal.
- 3 Annulled.
- 4 Per.
- 5 Money-lender.
- 6 Motto.
- 7 Liable.
- 8 Meditated.
- 10 Foot cover.
- 12 English river.
- 16 Schools.
- 19 Low.
- 20 Salad fruit.
- 21 Rays of light.
- 22 Short excursion.
- 26 Doubles.
- 27 V.C.
- 30 Yawn.
- 31 Go ashore.
- 33 Meadow.
- 36 Little County.

What the Stars Foretell



Alex Cracks

A young officer, in the Guards, and his new bride were going away on their honeymoon.

"Oh, I do love you, darling," she said.

"Why, if ever I found out you loved another woman more than me I'd throw myself in the nearest lake."

"Would you, darling, really?" he said.

"Well, that's damned sporting of you, damned sporting."

At the end of the first week away from home on a new job the young husband wrote to his wife: "Made foreman—feather in my cap."

After the second week he wrote: "Made manager—another feather in my cap."

After third week he wired: "Sacked—send money."

His wife telegraphed back: "Use feathers, fly home."



LAKE DISTRICT—BY REQUEST. A.B. K. Ohlsen has got something in his eye—he's had it now for a long time. It's a picture—which he tries to keep bright—of lake water lapping gently in the shadow of high peaks. And when his mind's picture began to fade, he wrote and asked us to print a picture of his beloved lakes to refresh his memory. Here it is, sir—and may it do your eyes good.



LADY WITH TWO LAMPS!

We're told that Florence Nightingale had only to go among her soldiers in the Crimean hospital wards carrying her lamp, for the men to feel better. We're telling you that Jeanne Crain has only to turn those luminous eyes of her's in our direction and we feel distinctly better, too. We hereby christen Jeanne the 20th Century (Fox) Lady with a Lamp!



THE CAMELS ARE COMING, BOO-HOO, BOO-HOO!
"Say, Mom, you look chocker!" "I've got the hump, girl. Had it all my life and can't get rid of it!"



Carrying the shopping home in Madagascar. She's a hill girl of the Tanala Tribe—and has never even seen Covent Garden!



★ "First, they objected to my smoking. Then they said I mustn't take a drink when I felt like one. And now, believe it or not, they say that I mustn't go out with women!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"If they're not careful, they'll make him a mollycoddle."

